Beautiful Omega

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Beautiful Omega

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will hasn't had sex since transitioning from male alpha to male omega, he lets Bev drag him to a nightclub in the hopes of changing that.

Notes

A fill for the WGA Server omega Will fest.
Prompt = Trans omega Will who wants to go to a club for the first time after coming out. He was assigned alpha at birth. Featuring fake slick as lubricant and beta/alpha Hannibal who really takes care of Will.
Note: I guess this is set in the omegaverse where there are no STIs lols.

Will felt more confident than he thought he would. In fact, he thought he'd be shitting himself and that Bev would have to drag him along to the club. Instead, it was Will that was raring to go. He was eager for this, had been for a long time.

After years of not really understanding himself or what was going on with him. And then, after figuring it out, more years waiting for surgery and treatments, he was eager to get out there now that he really was his true self. Now that he'd had lower surgery. It had all been healed up for well over a year and whilst he felt better and more confident in himself, there was a part of him that wanted to be intimate with someone - try it out with more than just his own hand and collection of sex toys. With no interest in relationships, and no friends with benefits on the horizon, Will was more than happy to lose his omega virginity to a complete stranger.

In some respects, he preferred it.

No judgement, no qualifiers. Just a fuck and nothing more.

That was his plan, and Will was so damn eager for it.

*

When the door to the club opened, Will and Bev were blasted with the deep thumping bass that they could feel in their chests. It was 90s night and Will was immediately met with the visceral sense of what his life might have been like if he had been born an omega, instead of having to transition from alpha. He had been a teenager in the 90s, but he'd never done this. Never had this life, as much as he had longed for it. He'd been too busy hiding.

And Bev knew that. This club had been her choice. He looked over at her and she grinned at him as they made their way into the hot, dark room.

Just before they reached the bar there was a bass drop, and Will felt his stomach swoop. Looking around, he and Bev were some of the oldest here, most of these kids likely hadn't been alive in the 90s. It was all too easy to fantasise that he was their age, that he was young again. A young omega as he should have been.

But he didn't much like his chances of getting laid in a room full of people half his age.

"Not really my type," Will nodded towards the dancing crowd.

Bev leaned in to be able to shout in his general direction, "Give it a while. Give it an hour."

Will frowned but nodded. He was sure she must come here often and likely knew much more about it all. So he just waited next to her at the bar until it was their turn to order.

*

Like two old fogies, they had propped themselves up at one of the high tables at the edge of the dancefloor, watching children do their best to emulate the dance moves of their forefathers.

So far the only older people Will had spotted was a group of women that appeared to be the hen night of a middle-aged bride to be.

But then, it all changed. Within a ten minute window, over half the younger people were gone and in their place, much older clientele.

"What the--" Will turned to Bev whose grin had turned shit-eating.

"Told ya!" She shouted to him, "This place has free entry and half price drinks before eleven. All the students come in to get themselves riled up. But once you start getting near half eleven, they clear out to the other clubs. And the older folks start to arrive after the bars close."

She wasn't wrong, and Will frowned.

“Why didn’t we just come now as well?” He couldn’t believe that it was so that they could save on the cost of entry. From the way she smiled he was definitely sure that wasn’t the case.

“Because,” she nodded her head towards the door, having chosen a table directly across from it, “from here you can check out every single person as they arrive.”

“Efficient,” Will chuckled.

“You know it!”

*

Will wasn’t sure if he was being too fussy, whether he was more nervous than he thought, or because he’d lost his wingman when Bev had been lured onto the dancefloor by a beautiful redhead - but so far he’d not seen anyone he wanted to approach.

Bev didn’t really notice when he excused himself to the restroom and stopped dead in the hallway.

The toilets were all-gender and all-dynamic, and he just hadn’t been expecting that. He’d expected to go into the male-omega restroom. It had taken him years to get to the point where he felt comfortable doing that, and now the option was gone. It caught him off guard.

He swallowed and walked into the restroom and noted that the cubicles within were also gender and dynamic free. At the far end of the mirrors a group of women were laughing as they reapplied makeup. A smaller group of omega males did the same a little closer to the door Will had come through. Otherwise, people came and went, doing their business with efficient silence.

And that was what Will wanted - ridiculously relieved to find there were no urinals in sight.

He went to the nearest empty cubicle and pulled down his jeans. He had been sitting down to pee for years, just because it was more comfortable for him than touching his… appendage. But now that it was gone, and he’d had a vaginoplasty, sitting was a necessity.

Once he was done, Will pulled his jeans back up and felt more relaxed. Less full of urine for one thing, but also like a milestone had been crossed. He had worried about drawing attention, which was ridiculous. If there had been urinals but he’d opted for a cubicle what would people have assumed? They’d probably just think he was on the butch side for an omega, surely? No one would look at him and instantly clock him as trans. No one would look at him and think - pretty sure that guy was born with a knot.

Truth was - he kept reminding himself of something Bev said often - the chances were slim any one was paying much attention to him at all.

He was lost in these thoughts when he left the cubicle, washed his hands and turned to leave -- walking straight into the most gorgeous alpha he’d ever met.

*

“I’m going to head off,” Will shouted over the music to Bev who was now at the bar drinking with her new friend, Freddie.

“What? Why?” Her frown immediately grew into a smile, “Did you meet someone?”

“No,” Will replied, a little deflated. “I think I’m just done for the night.”

He didn’t want to say that he had bumped into an alpha, literally, and made a complete ass of himself. He didn’t want to say he’d realised that maybe it was too soon and he wasn’t actually ready to try this. But he didn’t want her to feel bad, so he pressed his fingers to his temple to signal he had a headache.

Bev pouted but nodded, “Okay, I’ll call you tomorrow.”

Will nodded and walked away.

He was almost at the door when someone stepped in front of him, blocking his way.

“I hope you’re not leaving?” the alpha asked in a low, rumbling voice in an accent that could only be described as sensual. “I’d love to buy you a drink.”

Will gulped, looking up at the alpha from the restroom.

*

He’d not had chance to dry his hands, so when he walked into the alpha his wet hands had pressed against the man’s firm chest. It had left two wethands prints and Will feeling like an absolute idiot as he stood there trying to mutter out an apology.

Although only minutes later, there was no sign now that Will had laid hands on the alpha at all. The heat of the club had dried him out almost immediately as he stood smiling charmingly at Will.

“Or perhaps you’d prefer to dance?”

The change in tack seemed like a reaction to Will’s expression, and he was sure he looked like a deer caught in the headlights.

“S-sure,” Will replied, in order to not further seem like a fool.

The alpha’s smile turned wolfish, and he placed his hand at the small of Will’s back, guiding him towards the mass of gyrating bodies.

Will didn’t dislike dancing, it was just something he’d never had much practice with, so he wasn’t sure if it was better or worse when the song changed and a cheer went up, followed by an influx of people to the dancefloor. Sure, it meant that he was more hidden from general view, but it also meant that he was pushed closer to the alpha. And that made his clit twinge - the little bundle of nerve endings salvaged from his cock and formed into an omegan appendage, was basically now erect and throbbing.

Will felt his face burn.

“I’m Hannibal,” the alpha had to lean in right next to Will’s ear to be heard. And Will did the same, leaning forward to reply, and then stuttering as the alpha’s hand went to his lower back again to keep him there.

“W-Will,” he cleared his throat but didn’t try to step back, remaining instead incredibly close to the alpha. So close in fact that soon dancing became grinding as the gap between their bodies closed.

“You’re very beautiful,” Hannibal had to speak so close to his ear that his lips grazed Will’s skin.

“Thanks--” Will replied, breathless. Bev had reassured him many times that he was beautiful - in that omegan way. In that way only male omegas were, with their mixed masculinity and femininity so apparent. But it felt different to have an alpha say it to him. It made him really believe that he actually was beautiful, not just an alpha playing at being an omega.

Where Hannibal’s hand had been resting lightly on him, keeping him close, it now pressed against him until they were completely flushed and he could feel Hannibal’s semi-hard cock.

The contact made Will yelp and he jumped back, Hannibal immediately letting him go, but then holding out a hand so that he didn’t overbalance. Will took it and Hannibal leaned in again.

“Sorry,” he all but shouted over the music, “Did I misread the situation? This place is renowned for hook-ups, but I shouldn't have assumed… I don’t exactly do this often…”

“No!” Will protested, suddenly. “I was, I mean, I am… I’m… not very good at this.”

“You seem perfect to me,” the alpha smiled so disarmingly that Will didn’t even think to protest when he leaned in and very lightly pressed his mouth against Will’s in a chaste but lingering kiss.

When Hannibal pulled back, Will realised he’d closed his eyes and opened them slowly to see the alpha still smiling at him.

“Would you like to come home with me?” Hannibal asked, his hand sliding the small of Will’s back again.

“Yes,” Will replied, breathless once more.

*

They took a taxi in which they exchanged light touches and small talk. Far from being awkward it set Will at ease. Hannibal was easy to talk to, so it tracked when he’d admitted he was a therapist. He hadn’t been affronted when Will admitted in turn that he didn’t put much stock in therapy and enjoyed the jovial responses when he said he was a CSI - Hannibal joking that a job like that would surely drive him to therapy.

“Interesting, law enforcement in general tends to be an alpha-dominated field. Is it much the same in CSI?” Hannibal asked as they arrived at his house. And Will used the distraction of the arrival to let the question go unanswered.

He had been an alpha when he’d first started out, and it was true back then especially that it was mostly male alphas. A few females here and there, but over the years of affirmative action, there was almost a 50/50 split with omegas - though Will was something of an outlier.

The subject was dropped entirely in favour of getting into the rather expensive looking house, where Hannibal immediately closed the door and crowded him against it.

“You really are beautiful,” he muttered, drawing a finger up across Will’s slightly stubbled jaw line and then down to his sensitive scent gland.

Will gasped at the sensation, all the more sensitive since he started taking hormones all those years ago. Not only did they turn his scent omegan, they made him more sensitive as omegas naturally were. But he’d never really understood how fully.

Running his own hand over the erogenous zone wasn’t quite the same as having someone’s else's fingers there, and Hannibal was the first since his transition.

“Beautifully sensitive too,” the words were a rumble. “I am a lover of art, a collector of beautiful things, but nothing more beautiful than you has ever graced my home.”

Will laughed, a slightly forced, uncomfortable chuckle. He had never expected anyone to be so enthusiastic about his beauty, even if over the years he himself had noticed how his skin and lines had softened, how his features had grown more omegan - he really had never truly believed himself beautiful.

“I apologise, what I think of as a way with words is really just verbosity,” Hannibal chuckled, “I mean the words, the sentiment is true, but I hate to make you uncomfortable.”

Will chuckled and relaxed, “I’ll let you off, given that English isn’t your first language.”

“It isn’t even my second,” Hannibal rebuffed with a grin. “It feels poor to use that excuse given that I am fluent in several languages, English amongst them.” The grin gave way to a genuine smile, and the words had a tinge of self-deprecation that made Will smile in return.

“Now you’re just showing off.”

“Is it working?”

Before Will could reply, Hannibal’s mouth was on his and he was wrapped up in the alpha’s arms. This time he sank into it, pressed between the door and the hard line of the alpha’s body, he whined when he felt the hardening cock against his thigh.

“Let me take you to bed,” Hannibal panted as he pulled back from the kiss and looked so adoringly into Will’s eyes that all Will could do was nod in return.

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They lost half their clothes on their way up the stairs, and by the time they reached Hannibal's bedroom, Will was down to just his jeans.

When he turned to see Hannibal - who was out of his trousers but still wearing a shirt - the hunger in the alpha's eyes made him tremble. As did the way his gaze flicked to Will's chest.

His chest was on the smaller side even for a male omega, not even an AA Cup, but a plump swelling all the same, with his nipples currently hard and pebbled. Gifted to him by hormones he hadn't ever sought to go bigger, pleased with what he had. He didn't even realise he was preening, presenting them until he saw the hunger in Hannibal's eyes.

Hannibal groaned and surged forward, stooping to catch one nipple in his mouth and palm Will's other breast in the other hand as Will moaned. It felt so good, he was throbbing so hard, and if he had been born an omega he'd have no doubt he'd be soaking wet too.

That thought was sobering.

"Wait, wait… I need to use the bathroom…" Will panted, though it took Hannibal another few moments to relent, giving one last, long suck to Will's nipple before pulling off.

"Through there," the words were a growl as Hannibal pointed to the ensuite and Will moved quickly, hearing the alpha behind him continue to strip.

Once inside he closed the door and then rested his head against it. He was going to do this. And he was going to do it without a word having been uttered about his being trans.

He knew his vaginoplasty surgeon had done an amazing job. He had healed well and everything was in perfect working order. In a lineup there was no way anyone would tell the difference between him and someone who had been born an omega.

Except for one thing - the slick.

He had no natural way to get slick, surgery and hormones only took you so far. And it was the reason he was still wearing his jeans.

Will reached into the front pocket and dug deep until he found the small tube of lube, no more than a couple of inches long. It was the kind specifically made for omegas who for some reason had issues with naturally being lubricated. But it was used a lot by alphas and betas wanting to roleplay as omegas - as Will well knew - and for trans omegas too.

It was perfect in fact. It was scented like omegas, but not strongly enough to smell artificial. And a little went a very, very long way.

Will set the tube on the side and stripped quickly from his jeans. He freshened up first, looking in the mirror at the way his nipple had been sucked red, before he stripped off completely. He was so turned on, breathing heavily, thinking about the alpha in the next room - smelling him - as he poured a pea-sized drop onto his fingers and pushed them inside himself.

“Oh god,” he muttered, his other hand shooting out to grab the countertop as the wetness quickly spread until the pump of his fingers caused a slick sound that turned him on all the more. He pulled his fingers out, rubbing them over his hard clit, until the wetness was spread all over and he was dangerously turned on.

Now panting, skin tingling, Will sucked the slick from his fingers and went back to the door.

When he opened it, he was greeted by the sight of the alpha stretched out on the bed, naked and languidly stroking his cock.

“You truly are a thing of beauty,” Hannibal purred as Will moved towards the bed. Hannibal rose to meet him, pulling him down and rolling them until he was on top of the omega and scenting at his neck once more.

“I bet you say that to all your conquests,” Will teased, feeling confident now. Knowing that he was naked with this alpha who saw him only as the omega he was.

“Only the beautiful ones,” Hannibal murmured, pressing kisses to Will’s scent gland. A scandalous move really. He’d been daring enough running his fingers over it, but this sort of intimacy was usually saved for significant partners rather than hook-ups. But Will took it, revelling in how it just made him produce more scent, smelling more and more omega as Hannibal lathered it with the attention of his lips, tongue and teeth.

Will didn’t protest when Hannibal moved down him, taking first one nipple and then the other, sucking them both as he moved back and forth.

“Perfect…” he muttered, his hands cupping Will’s breasts, pinching his nipples and holding them under his tongue as Will squirmed and his clit throbbed.

It turned him on so much that he was practically in a haze when Hannibal moved further down. And before Will realised what he was doing, Hannibal was between his legs and pushing them further apart. Will didn’t have time to even consider protesting when Hannibal’s tongue hit his clit.

“Oh fuck!” Will shook and almost doubled over at the sensation. This was nothing like his fingers, nothing like his toys. The press of the tip of Hannibal’s tongue soon gave way to lips as Hannibal began to devour him. There was no other word for it as he mouthed at Will’s clit like he was french-kissing it. “Oh my god!” Will couldn’t stop shaking, his whole body trembling at the new sensation - and one he wanted again and again.

He almost came when Hannibal slid two fingers inside him.

“FUCK!” This time he did double over and pushed at Hannibal’s shoulder which had the alpha immediately retreating, fingers withdrawing.

“I apologise, I should have asked what you like--” Hannibal started but then Will grabbed hold of his hair and pulled him forward into a kiss, tasting the slick there.

“More,” he muttered against Hannibal’s mouth, “I like… J-just… sensitive…”

He released the alpha's hair and slumped back onto the bed, sinking into the pillows and spreading his legs wider as Hannibal hummed with amused pleasure.

The alpha's mouth was back on his clit then, sucking on it as he slipped two fingers back inside Will and his other hand moved back up to palm at Will's chest and pinch a nipple.

"I'm gonna come… gonna come. Gonna come…" Will babbled the words and Hannibal didn't let up - sucking his clit, pinching his nipple and pumping his fingers harder and faster as the slick grew even more plentiful with the actions.

It felt so good, better than any toy ever had. Better than anything ever had before surgery.

Hannibal sped up, adding a third finger as he fucked them into Will. The wet sound of it echoed around the rooms and mingled with their panted breaths.

"Ha… Hannibal…" Will groaned and then his body seized up, he went completely rigid as he was hit by the most powerful orgasm he'd ever had.

Hannibal continued to finger-fuck him through it, even as Will felt his inner muscles clench rhythmically against the alpha's fingers. He continued to pinch Will's over sensitive nipple. He continued to suck at his clit even as it throbbed and strained.

Finally, as Will began to come down from the climax, Hannibal pulled back, slowed his motions and finally pulled his fingers out.

"Beautiful," he muttered as he looked down at Will, who no doubt looked utterly wrecked.

Will had never come so hard in his life. He'd never had someone go down on him like that. When he was younger, still unsure what his discomfort was, he had received a few blowjobs, but none had made him feel like Hannibal just did.

He was still catching his breath and contemplating asking the alpha if he wanted Will to reciprocate, when Hannibal moved over him, slotting himself between Will's legs and nuzzling at his scent gland once more.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal murmured against Will's skin.

Will nodded hesitantly, deciding on at least some honesty.

"That was the best orgasm I've ever had," Will croaked the words through a dry throat and enjoyed the rumble of Hannibal's chest against his as he chuckled in response.

"Would you like another one?"

Will let out a breathless laugh, "Yes?"

Hannibal dove back to his scent gland, nuzzling it harder now as one hand moved up to cup Will's breast, squeezing his nipple between spread fingers. Will was immediately throbbing again, feeling the pulse inside him too and the amazingly affirming sensation of the slick slowly dripping out of him.

When Hannibal lightly bit at his scent gland, Will cried out and almost came again. He had never really indulged in gland-play and loved the way his body was responding to the mere suggestion of being mated. An intrinsically omegan thing, it felt so satisfying to experience it.

“Can I fuck you?” Hannibal asked, moving his mouth from Will’s neck briefly to his ear to whisper the words.

“Y-yes,” Will croaked again, his throat tight - as coiled with tension as the rest of him.

“Darling,” Hannibal muttered, and this time he moved his mouth to Will’s, kissing him deeply but softly, as he repositioned himself just slightly. Will gave in to the sudden urge and reached between them, taking hold of the alpha’s hard and sizeable cock and pressing the head of it against where he was slick and open. He kept his hand there, circling loosely, as Hannibal pushed slowly in, ending up with his hand around Hannibal’s knot and Hannibal grunting at Will’s tightness.

Virgin tight. That much was undeniable.

“Will?” Hannibal looked down at him, his expression full of bliss and concern.

“I’ve never… not like this. But it’s okay… I’ve wanted… I don’t have anyone…”

“Shh, shh,” Hannibal quieted his rising panic - his fear that Hannibal might refuse him, and be put off by his virginity - by kissing him again, tenderly. Will’s hand came back up, arms snaking around Hannibal’s neck and sinking into the kiss as Hannibal slowly pulled back and then pushed into him even slower.

The way he moaned into Will’s mouth gave away quite how tight Will was around him.

And Will had expected pain, but there was none. He’d used toys of course, but this wasn’t the same. Hannibal was bigger and felt different - felt alive. He had assumed being with an alpha might even be too much despite how desperately he wanted it. And whilst there was a little discomfort, an overwhelming sense of how tight he truly was, it wasn’t painful.

By increments, Will relaxed and with that he loosened a little. And when he did, Hannibal built up his rhythm, went deeper. So deep that his knot kissed against Will’s wet pussy. His hand moved back to Will’s chest, cupping him, pinching his nipple until Will was moaning and panting against the alpha’s mouth.

“You are amazing,” Hannibal broke the kiss to utter the words and then moved so that he could take Will’s nipple back into his mouth as he continued to pump his hips. “So breathtakingly beautiful before you even got naked… and now…” The words were half-babbled and it was clear that the alpha was deep in his own pleasure. His eyes rolling every time his knot pressed against Will.

He took Will’s nipple between his teeth and flicked his tongue over it. Such a different sensation than before Will was on hormones, it made him squirm with oversensitivity.

Feeling the nerve endings sparking right down to his clit. He might be able to come just from this - he realised.

But then Hannibal's mouth was gone and he was holding himself over Will as he slowed his thrusts.

"Can I knot you, Will?" He asked, his eyes a dark red, his expression just this side of feral.

"Please!" Will replied, "Yes!"

That was all the response Hannibal needed. His mouth was immediately back on Will's scent gland, practically chewing at it without sinking in his teeth in a real bite. It was enough to have Will's entire body screaming out for more. His nipple was pinched again, adding to the exquisite pleasure-pain, and then Hannibal's hand moved down.

Braced on one arm, and the other moving between them, Hannibal's fingers found Will's clit just as he tried to push in his knot.

"Oh god!" Will cried out, on the very edge of coming. Needing it so bad, but Hannibal couldn't sink any deeper.

"Relax, Will," Hannibal soothed before going back to licking and kissing his scent gland, sending that tingle all over his body. Will did as the alpha asked - his mind reading it as an alpha's command, and he went pliant.

Completely at Hannibal's mercy, he couldn't have stopped the alpha now even from sinking in his teeth and mating him properly. And that thought thrilled him much more than he had ever thought it could.

This time, as Hannibal pushed forward, Will's body opened for him and his knot sank into his wet, tight heat. Hannibal toyed with his clit, sparking every nerve in Will's body until he felt like a livewire. But it was the knot that pushed him over the edge. Feeling so full and never really knowing if he'd be able to truly take one bigger than his knotting dildo. But now he was, and the alpha was locked inside him, his hips still pumping as he sucked on Will's scent gland - enough that would bruise - and fingered his clit until finally--

"ALPHA!" Will screamed as he came, his body tightening up once more, clenching around the knot like a good omega intent on milking his alpha.

He felt Hannibal spill inside him with a long moan, continuing to pump though it until his balls were surely completely empty and Will had gone lax again, letting the alpha use him to chase his own, prolonged orgasm.

When it seemed Hannibal was about to collapse on top of him, the alpha rolled them instead, face to face on their sides - their legs entwined as they remained locked together.

They gazed at each other from the haze of their mutual bliss, Hannibal softly stroking his hand over Will's face and down his scenting gland once more. Will didn't miss how the alpha eyed it, as though he had really wanted to sink his teeth in there and bond them together.

*

Will didn't remember falling asleep.

He vaguely remembered waking at some point with a bereft feeling, Hannibal having unlocked and slid out of him. But he was in the alpha's arms - cocooned by him - so he had quickly fallen back to sleep.

But he was awake properly now, roused by the scent of coffee, and suddenly worried he'd outstayed his welcome. He got up and quickly moved to the bathroom, relieving himself and freshening up before realising his jeans were folded and placed on the counter - the small tube on top of it.

Will felt all the blood drain from his face. He had forgotten all about it.

He hurried into his jeans and put the tube in his pocket, before heading back into the bedroom -- where the alpha stood with a cup of coffee.

"No milk or sugar, or did I guess that wrong?" Hannibal asked, his expression initially bright, starting to slip as he studied Will's face. "Is everything alright?"

"I uh, I should go," Will replied.

"Oh, of course. It… It is a shame though, I had hoped we could get to know each other, over breakfast. Perhaps I misread your interest…"

Will was torn, he desperately wanted to take Hannibal up on his offer, not just because of the orgasms, but the way even talking to the alpha had made him feel. But Hannibal had seen the tube, and now Will felt like he was lying.

"I'm trans," he blurted before he could even think about it any further.

Hannibal blinked, surprised by the confession at least. "Do you believe this makes any difference to me?"

"I, uh…" Will was stuck for words.

"I suspected," Hannibal began. "I was a surgeon for quite some years before I moved into therapy." His words were hesitant and kindly said, as though not wanting to upset Will. "I noticed a scar that made me wonder, and the tube in the bathroom added to my suspicions--"

"Scar…" Will groaned and scrubbed a hand over his face, feeling it burn.

"Please, Will," Hannibal followed quickly, "Rest assured that were I not a surgeon I would have never noticed it. Your surgeon did meticulous and - from your apparent enjoyment - fantastic work."

"Oh god!" Will felt consumed with embarrassment, his hand now over his eyes in an attempt to hide from the entire situation.

“And like I said,” Hannibal was closer now, sounded closer. “Do you believe it makes any difference to me?”

Will’s hand was tugged away and Hannibal stood right in front of him, a warm smile on his face.

“Breakfast?” Hannibal asked, holding the coffee between them.

Will took the coffee and nodded, “Um, sure…”

“Wonderful,” Hannibal turned and started to lead the way out of the bedroom, leaving Will to follow and try not to drop the mug as he continued, “You are so very beautiful when you come, I’d really love the opportunity to see such beauty again.”

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